



VOL. III. No. 18.

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

[WHOLE No. 120.]

A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

REGINALD'S REVENGE;

OR, THE FROD & REPROOF.

BY MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESLEY.

Author of "Heart-Drops from Memory's Urn," "The Hidden Heart," "Herbert Hamilton, or, The Blue Bird," "The Stranger's Stratagem, or, The Double Deceit," "Alice Arden," "The Dag-Ordeal," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

In anguish gathering up his strength, he cried—Mrs. Locke.

IX months passed away, ere Ralph returned to America. It was a blue and balmy May morning, when our hero entered the M. E. Church, in the city of Alverton—for true to his promise, in boyhood which Ralph had confirmed with an emphatic characteristic: "dog if I do!" he had never deserted the church to which Mrs. Fenton belonged. He stopped involuntarily, with astonishment, as he went up the long aisle, to behold the large blue eyes of Mr. Brown, his old Carolina friend and benefactor, regarding him from the sacred desk.

Another surprise awaited our hero, as his bright black eyes wandered over the congregation. Near the altar, her long silky lashes drooping over her soft eyes, sat his boyhood's teacher, sweet Nellie Fenton, and beside her, her pale, sunken-checked, careworn-looking mother.

Ralph had arrived in the last train, the previous night and was not prepared for the scene before him.

Mr. Brown had wedded a native of the Old Dominion, and been transferred by request, from the Carolina to the Virginia Conference and appointed to the Alverton station, during our hero's absence; and the Rev. gentleman secretly enjoyed his startled expression, when their eyes first met. Four years had elapsed since they last parted, and Mr. Brown, though apprised by the public journals, of his old favorite's good fortune, was utterly ignorant of his locality, until his arrival in Alverton. He soon learned Ralph's whole history, and sorrowed for the vindictive spirit clearly evidenced by recent transactions. The good man could not regard Ralph's conduct as the world viewed it—he did not justify his measures, upon the ground of past oppression.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," was written upon the Spirit's style, upon his holy heart.

Mr. Fenton's mother was a member of the Methodist church, and he had ever retained a partiality for that denomination but was led off by his proud wife, to the "high church," where she had attended from childhood. But with her reduced circumstances, and the desertion of her aristocratic friends, Mrs. Fenton had consented to attend a plainer sanctuary, for a triple reason; firstly, there was no pew-rent, which she could ill afford—secondly, she could no longer compete in costly and fashionable apparel, with her old associates, and thirdly and lastly, her humble cottage was distant from the "high church," and in the vicinity of the "low," the "shouting sect," so designated by the "upper-tendom." Her plain Methodist neighbors were considerate and kind, and Mrs. Fenton found more sympathy among the humble in heart, than in the lofty-headed and wealthy—they were Summer friends who had flown with the first winter-breath of adversity. Mrs. Fenton had learned a sad and long lesson, since her downfall, that she had never learned in the sunshine of wealth and high social position.

Mr. Brown soon found his way into her cottage, from desire for a personal acquaintance with Ralph's old mistress, and startled and interested them with a revelation—Nellie particularly—of the orphan-boy's life in North Carolina; and ere Ralph's return, the good pastor had enrolled the names of the three Fentons upon his book of church membership. Sorrow and remorse brought her to the foot of the cross, and Mrs. Fenton's pride and evil temper were buried in humility and Christian patience and forbearance. She confessed with the Psalmist: "I know, oh Lord, that thy judgments are true, and that in wisdom thou hast afflicted me."

Ralph's heart smote him, as his eyes first fell upon her thin, sorrowful face, but a swift flight of thought, to other years, stirred up the old bitterness within him; he knew her to be a hypocrite of the deepest dye, and his momentary softness fled quickly.

But Nellie's appearance wrung his heart—how changed from the blooming, transcendently beautiful girl, he had met at "Squire Hamilton's! The bloom and vivacity had all gone, and pale as a young snow drop she sat, with the long black lashes penetrating her pensive cheeks! He had robbed her of health and happiness! The little, dimpled teacher of his childhood, who had incurred her mother's anger and endured her cuffs, for his sake! Ralph's conscience was a dagger as he dwelt upon the old change that had been wrought in her, since her disappearance from the gay and fashionable world. He had met her

"Out with it, at all events—I won't scold nor scratch."

"Miss Nellie, den, chile—you'll never git a gooder gal dan she is."

"Humph! does she love me, you reckon?"

"G'long! she do so—dat's what!"

"How do you know, amny?"

"Liddy-massy, chile! I seen it in 'er!"

"Did she ever say so?"

"Sho! dat she did! but I nose—I ben watchin' 'er, honey—she turned pale as a goose, when I tolle 'er 'bout you gittin' married ter Miss Fanny! She's greven 'ersef ter deth 'bout you, honey!—you's red asfire, chile! I 'lieve you luv's 'er too—dat's what!"

"I would have courted her long ago, amny, but for her mean mother! I hate her like— and I can't help it! I'll never be her son-in-law—never!" his black eyes blazed.

"I know it's cutting off my nose to spite my face, but I'll do it. I'm not going to marry Fanny Farley; it's all a lie! I don't want her, and she knows it—tell Nellie so. I don't want to make her unhappy. I owe her a debt of gratitude that I would repay, but for her everlasting mother! I'd give her half my fortune if that old hag couldn't enjoy it! She made me hate her, and she may take the consequences!"

"Lordy massy! honey, dat ain't right—you'll never git ter beben, chile, when you madder is, twel you forgives 'er! Member you's got ter die, honey, dat's sartin—you's got ter die, chile—member dat, an' you dunno how soon mother!—you's young now, but you must die ter-nite!—you ain't too young for dat, honey—you can't stay here forever, chile, an' if you leaves de wuf mad wif 'er you's los' fur-evore!"

De blessed Lord forgived him! bigger things dan she ever dan ter you, chile, an' you order do like 'im—if you only wufd forgive 'er, chile, you'd be happier in dis wuf 'an de nex'—jes ax de good Lord ter he's yo, honey, an' He'll do it—dat's what! You won't git any better off twel you goes ter Him for he's your makin' Miss Nellie suffer, chile, for 'er madder's sins, kase she's grevin' 'ersef ter deth 'bout you, I nose she is, po' thing! She's luv'd ye from a little gal, I 'lives 'er now, an' you cry 'bout ye, menny a time arter ye runned away, chile! Hate eats all de happiness out'n de heart, honey; you'll never be satisfied, wid all you menny an' friends, twel you forgives 'er—I nose you won't!"

"There, that will do, amny—I'm better now. Good-by to you, I want a snooze."

Ralph turned over, with a smile, and hid his head under a fly-screen, while aunt Dinah crept softly, from the apartment.

But our hero did not enjoy a "snooze," something held his eye-lids wide open, and now and then his black eyes looked strangely moist. Thought was busy with Ralph's brain, and kept turning from side to side, wide awake.

"Hate eats all de happiness out'n de heart, honey!" rang in his ear, and Ralph's soul said: "I know it! I know it!"—with an emphasis. He rose and went softly up to the gloomy garret, and sat down upon the bare floor, where he had many a night lain smothered with fright, and where the germ of his present greatness had first sprouted. But for Mrs. Fenton he might never have been invited to such an ambition for knowledge as had rendered him the learned and popular man he then was! True, no thanks were due her for good will, but might not the effect plead in extenuation of the cause? Ralph never indulged such thoughts before; but the "old Adam" was strong within him! He did not half-wildly "God help me!" as he looked out toward the distant cemetery, where his dead parents lay, side by side, under the green Summer grass, with a costly monument marking their last resting-place.

Time wore on, and our hero had grown paler and more stern, insensate. Invitations lay unheeded upon his centre-table, and he was seen less frequently in Society, and Mr. Brown was a constant visitor at his mansion, and the parsonage door vibrated with attention to his benefactor, evidenced his capacity for gratitude and affection.

The Summer was over and gone; and our hero had come back from Newport to his splendid home. Rumor whispered he would be united in marriage, to Miss Farley, during the Autumn—the wonder was why it had not been consummated, long ago.

Ralph paced his elegant drawing-room, with folded arms and bloodless face, a child would have run from him, in terror, he was so fierce and savage in appearance! Ah! "hate eats all de happiness out'n de heart, honey!" Ralph realized its truth to the fullest extent, as he wandered to and fro, like a lost spirit.

"I'll do it—I will!" he muttered, and his pale lips closed firmly again; his black eyes burned with a troubled light. He caught up his hat and strode out of the mansion, shutting the door behind him with an unconscious jerk!

Our hero stalked down the thoroughfare, unheeding familiar faces, that turned to look after him, with a puzzled expression, and wheeled up a retired street. He looked grim, and repellent. On and on he marched till the great heart of the city was left pulsing far away. Seven wu-

ders! Ralph had ascended Mr. Fenton's cottage steps, and knocked for admission! He grew whiter as he awaited an answer. The door opened, and Nellie Fenton, pale and wasted, stood before him. Nellie started back at the sight, while a rush of deep crimson was quickly succeeded by a deadly pallor. She leaned against the wall for support.

"Will you walk in, Mr. Reginald?" her voice trembled perceptibly—"Don't Mr. me, Nellie, if you wouldn't drive me to hell!" his fierceness confounded and agitated her the more.

She hid her cold fingers in his extended hand.

"Is your mother at home?"

"No, but will soon return"—she essayed to release her hand, but he held it strongly.

"I must see her—I must see her! yet I will never enter this house, till I have your forgiveness—can you ever forgive me Nellie?" he folded her small hand closely, in both his, while his harsh tone softened to mournful entreaty.

"I have nothing to forgive—never been offended with you—you are the wronged one—can you?" tears choked her utterance, while her frail form quivered with emotion.

"You have! you have!—you you forgive me, Nellie!"

"I do, then, sir."

Ralph put his arm around her tiny waist, and half-carried her into the little parlor. He sat beside her, still holding her quivering form in his arms.

"Great God! you have crushed the life out of me, girl! or rather I have starved my soul to emaciation, to furnish another! Be still, Nellie! I vow, before high heaven, you shall lie here, until I leave you forever! I know I am unworthy to hold your head upon my revengeful breast, but I will, in defiance of a cohort from perdition! Forgive my harshness—I've grown desperate—stark mad!—conscience has turned executioner, and is strangling my vindictive spirit! This said that 'revenge is sweet'; but it's an emanation from the 'father of lies'! I have drunk of the cup, and it is bitter—bitter as wormwood mingled with gall!—it's a nauseating, choking draught! Would to God I had died before it touched my lips!"

Ralph's face was white and hard as granite—his appearance confirmed his words.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Love's Memory.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Beloved one, the shades of death
Upon thee gently fell;
Ere yet upon the forest trees
The buds commenced to swell;
Ere a dark shadow on thy brow
Laid a remembrance trace;
Or sorrow's magic wand dispelled
Joy's sunbeam from thy face;
For gently thou didst pass away
Like morning's transient gleam;
Or as the moonlight shadows, which
Felt over a silvery stream.

The birds had just begun their songs,
Of joyousness and glee;
When from the mountains in the skies
An angel came for thee;
He found that death no terrors had,
He found thee calm and mild;
As if thy soul had been a bird
Like a pure, stainless child;
And ere the mountain violet
Had broken through winter's sod;
Thy spotless, free spirit heft
Communion with thy God.

I know full well, beloved one,
Thy vain for me weep;
For not an ocean of my tears
Could wake thee from thy sleep;
Yet hope and faith point heavenward—
O, ne'er asleep art thou;
Thou'rt dwelling in a land of bliss
Midst saints and angels now;
And brighter, fairer than on earth,
Free from all woe and pain;
Rejoiced in thy angel garments pure,
We get shall meet again.

INDUSTRY IS TALENT.—We often hear persons explaining how one man fails in business, while another meets with success in the same pursuit, attributing to one a talent for his business, but refusing it to the other.

Yes, without denying that some individuals have talent, we think that the problem in question can be easily solved, by saying that the successful man was industrious, while the other was not. But, for example, is considered a man of the highest abilities as a novelist. Yet when Bulwer began his career, he composed with the utmost difficulty, often writing his fictions over twice. He persevered, however, and now stands almost at the head of his class—his latest productions moreover, being regarded as the best from his pen. Every schoolboy is familiar with the fact that Demosthenes became an orator only by pursuing a similar plan. Nor are illustrations of the great truth, that industry is talent, confined to the highest intellectual pursuits. When Girard trusted the customer without an endorser, who carried his goods home on his shoulder, the shrewd old Frenchman was acting on this truth, deduced from his own experience of mankind. All eminent persons whether mechanics, merchants, lawyers, or statesmen were industrious, from Watt and Norris down to Thurlow and Wm. Pitt.

Washington, Franklin, Marshall, Madison, and every other distinguished American, were busy men. Industry is talent, nine times out of ten!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

There is a Thought Within.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

There is a thought within, which e'er does sleep
My soul in deepest bitterness and woe,
It lingers here and causes me to weep,
As o'er life's pathway, weary I go.
It haunts me, when amidst the joyous throng,
I seem to be the gayest of the gay;
And even when I move the crowd among,
It casts a darkening shadow o'er my way.

When sunny days of Spring, around me shine,
And golden clouds above, and fragrant flowers
Renew, and Nature's cadences, divine,
Fill with enchantment all the passing hours,
And charm the ear like some celestial hymn,
And joy with all my heart begins to bloom;
Ah, then, that thought, a spectre dark and grim,
Drives joy away, and plunges me in gloom.

Often when in circles of the bright and gay,
While cheerful hearts and merry tongues are near,
The transient smile which on my lips doth play,
Will quickly fade before the rising tear.
It is that I must tread life's path alone!
No faithful soul to answer to my own,
And give me smile for smile and tear for tear!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Departed Youth.

BY CHARLES M. TENLEY.

Like Summer flowers, that fade and fall,
Hour after hour, day after day,
Have come and lived, and died till all
Of youth's bright time has passed away.

Had those dear hours less quietly—
Less gently winged their final flight,
Perchance we'd know the witchery,
That stole our days and gave us night.

But O so soft, so wondrous soft,
So noiselessly they fled away,
That scarcely but we knew the loss,
The dead ere came the new-born day.

But dying days, and new-born days,
Made up that little loss;
Youth's gladsome time—those fertile days,
When older grown we so much miss.

And when with age upon our brow,
Youth's joy—blissed visions rise,
Sometimes we sigh, but often weep,
To think they are but memories.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Gossips.—A Sketch.

BY E. C. L.

Dear Reader, were you ever homesick? Did you ever feel an utter dissatisfaction with every thing and every body around you and a yearning, longing desire to be at home, surrounded by dear faces and familiar voices? If so, you can sympathize with me.

I am located in a flourishing village, romantic and beautiful enough to suit even my fastidious taste; but it is not of the place I would speak but of its inhabitants.

Some weeks ago, I conceived the idea of changing my quiet mode of life at home, for one more fraught with interest. Hitherto I had remained a fixture upon the old homestead, but I would fain see more of the world. I would go forth, independent of parental wealthiness, and my purse, so scantily supplied, should be replenished by my own exertions as a district school-teacher.

Seated in the cars I was soon hastening far away from the scenes of my childhood, and now I began fully to realize that I was about to enter upon a new field of action where I had anticipated pleasure. I possessed some knowledge of human nature, and as I was an entire stranger to all, I determined to be cautious and form no intimacies which I might afterward regret. A good resolution truly, for I find here few who are worthy of confidence. I was never before in a place which I so heartily detested; it is alive with gossips. Old maids are abundant; these ancient spinners, together with numerous street-spinning matrons, convene frequently to discuss the news. As for me, I have never gained their good opinion for I have steadily refused to join in the scandal which is to them a source of delight.

They at length ceased to make any more advance toward friendship with me, declaring that I was proud and felt myself above their society. And now, to find some flaw in my conduct seemed their sole aim. When I walked abroad I was certain there were innumerable pairs of eyes peering from behind window-blinds. Every look and act was closely scanned. In company, I caught suspicious whispers—"Who is she? no one knows! perhaps after all she is no better than the rest of us. She need not be so exclusive, and hold her head so high! I shouldn't wonder if—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost to me, but I saw a peculiar smile upon the lips of the speaker, and a malicious expression in her eye as she caught my gaze upon her. An opportunity occurred soon after this, for the gossips to gratify their low propensities. My brother or Fred, chanced to be traveling in this part of the country and so came to visit me. He was an entire stranger to all, and I took no pains to inform them of our relationship. We walked, rode, and talked

together. He entered my room whenever he chose, at any hour of the day or evening. Our great familiarity attracted universal notice. Frowns and suspicious glances were my portion, but I laughed secretly and let things take their course. What a perfect fever the gossips worked themselves into!

My school hitherto so flourishing became sadly reduced in numbers. I missed the bright faces of some to whom I had become much attached—one in particular a darling little girl. I met her as I walked slowly homeward at evening, and she sprang joyfully to meet me.

"Why don't you come to school, Carrie?" I asked, returning her caresses.

"Mamma won't let me," she replied sadly; "I wish I could."

"And why not, dear?"

"Because—because Mamma says you ain't good, but I know you are, and I love you dearly, I do."

"What does she say I have done, Carrie, dat'ing?"

The child's beautiful face assumed a half serious, half comic expression.

"It's a great fuss about nothing, I guess," she answered, clasping her dimpled white arms closer about my neck; "it's only because that gentleman walks with you so much, you see, and you don't tell any body who he is or where he came from—just as if it was any body's business."

"You don't believe I would do anything wrong, do you, Carrie?"

"I know you wouldn't," she replied earnestly, "and I love you dearly, but won't you send the gentleman away?"

"That I will, and right speedily," I replied; "but, Carrie dear, I shall go too, I can't live—I can't breathe in such a place as this!" Her great blue eyes looked wonderingly into mine. "I don't like gossips, Carrie."

"What are gossips?" she queried innocently.

"O, never mind," I said carelessly, "you can ask your Mamma—she can tell you."

Matters were approaching a crisis. A committee of ladies were appointed to call upon me and learn the cause of my extraordinary conduct. With long and sanctimonious visage, Miss Pry inquired if it was my intention to be united in marriage to the young gentleman who had absorbed so much of my time and attention of late?

"Certainly not," I answered, "I had not the slightest expectation that such a result would ensue."

A look of holy horror was visible upon every face.

"And this ladies," said Miss Pry, turning towards her companions, "this is the person to whom you have entrusted the education of your precious children!"

A deep sigh escaped the pure bosoms of all, then one of the oldest ladies commenced a formal lecture upon morality, to which I listened patiently. The interesting sermon was however cut short by the entrance of Fred. His appearance was greeted by looks of the deepest indignation and scorn.

"Permit me to introduce my brother," said I, "he will no doubt be pleased to make the acquaintance of those who have proved themselves such worthy friends of mine."

I wish you could have seen their countenances. Shame and regret were depicted visibly.

"Your brother?" faltered Miss Pry, "pry excuse us; we had not the least idea—not the least suspicion—"

"It is of no consequence," I said, "but ladies, permit me to give you a word of advice ere we part—never again judge from appearances alone."

Beginning my pardon, they left me. Since then I have been treated with the utmost politeness by all.

A few weeks more will terminate my stay here, and I shall gladly return to the peaceful home of my childhood, to my own native village where love and charity prevail, and more highly than ever I shall prize the sincere and faithful hearts which will welcome me to their.

GENIUS, TALENT, TACT.—These three elements of man's power are often confounded, and are frequently employed to express the same thought. Genius may be defined a certain faculty which is without knowledge or experience of effort. It is something more than mere rapture; it is a high capacity under the power of inspiration; the flash of noble thought rushing suddenly on the brain, but sleeping into perfection by the spirit of order and art. Genius works from within outward, and is its own end, and then goes abroad for an audience.

Talent, however, is something practical in its operations. It is solid substance; it grasps the primary qualities and relations of things; it works from without inward. It finds its models, methods and ends in society; it goes to the soul only for power to work, and then exists in exhibition.

Tact, is the power to control and direct, as well as to realize the practical workings of common sense. It is the exemplification of sound judgment as contradistinguished from mere imagination. Tact is common sense, shrewdly working out the accomplishment of a given end, subordinating and making others tributary to its final success.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To Minnehaha of Oak Glen.

BY HIAWATHA.

O God on high tell me now,
Why I can not believe her;
O most supreme tell me how
It is I can't receive her;
In me heart's true confidence;
Why fear I to believe her,
Why doubt I her "preference?"
O I would not aggrive her.

Yet ah yet O they tell me
She is a "foul deceiver!"
And that she will repel me
When truly I believe her,
O God on high is it thus
That she to whom my heart yearns
Shouldst prove so frivolous
That platonic love she spurns;

No, God I won't believe it
Though truly it may be so
Yet Lord I can't conceive it
Though "Zeus" shouldst decree so;
Yet, yet, I shall still love her,
Though truly false she may prove,
False, I may discover her,
It shall not my true heart move.

General Quitman.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer gives the following interesting sketch of this distinguished man:

"Gen. J. A. Quitman is one of the most remarkable men in Congress. The son of a Lutheran clergyman, born in the State of New York, he, at an early age, wandered to the South, which has ever since been his home. Possessed of great bodily vigor, an active mind and a daring spirit, he was early in the field as a soldier of fortune, and raised a regiment for the Texas revolutionary struggle. He is now an old man. His hair, beard and mustaches are almost entirely white, but his eye is yet lustreous and clear, his arm muscular, and his spirit as high-strung as in the days of his prime. He has been an eventful career. In Mexico he was greatly distinguished for his skill as a general his dauntless bravery and his kindness at heart. No general was more beloved by his soldiers. To Gen. Quitman more than any other man belongs the credit of the capture of the City of Mexico and the salvation of the American army."

At the battle of Chapultepec Gen. Scott invested him with discretionary power to move upon the city or not, as he saw fit, after the bill of Chapultepec was won. No sooner was the American flag hoisted over the ramparts, than the command, "Quitman's Division to the City," was passed along the line, and after receiving new supplies of ammunition, the third, blood-stained and shattered troops moved cheerfully upon the Garita Belen. It was this prompt movement which decided the Mexican War. Let the honor rest where it is due. For one, I am happy to add my testimony to the fact. On the causeway the column was foremost, and then the decisive charge took place. There was the gallant Shields wounded; there Major Loring, of the Rifles, fell. It was a desperate hour. No drums nor bugles cheered on that band of heroes as they swept to the storming charge. No banners waved, but the Saxon cheer rose above the roar of battle, the proud cheer of victory. There in the front rank, was the gallant, gray-haired old chief, on foot, in a greatly exposed situation, coolly smoking his cigar and waving a rifle with which his white handkerchief was attached. Like the white plume of Prince Henry at the battle of Navarre, it was seen in the thickest of the fight. Gen. Quitman was one of the first men who leaped the ditch, and turning to General Smith asked him the time of day.

It was twenty minutes past one o'clock.

"Let whoever survives this day remember that," said the General, and at the same instant he announced that they were the first Americans who had passed the ramparts. I have not the space to dwell longer upon the incidents of that memorable occasion—how Gen. Quitman led his column into the Grand Plaza, and formed it in front of the Palace; and there was the American flag saluted by the little band of bloody and powder-begrimed soldiers who thus formed the advance corps of the army.

Gen. Quitman has seen much civil and political service. An able lawyer, he has a fine reputation at the bar throughout Mississippi and Louisiana. He has served in Legislatures, in State Senates, in Constitutional Conventions, and for four years was Governor of Mississippi. He is a man of large fortune, liberal, and respected by all who have business relations with him. He is a good speaker, but lacks the power of voice necessary to a popular orator.

THE HIGHEST.—The loftiest peak of mountains on this continent is in California. In the Rocky mountain chain, Long's Peak is 12,000 feet high, and James's Peak 11,500. Mount Hood in Oregon is 13,400 feet, whilst Shasta Butte, in Siskiyou, is 14,400 feet in height—being the loftiest summit in the United States.

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THE TIMES.
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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Notes on Literature.

By GEO. W. COTHRAN.

It is the generally received opinion, among the masses, that fiction is intended for no other purpose, and serves no other end, than to amuse the reader, and to kill time. This, we apprehend, is not only not the fact, but it is highly injurious to the good name and fame of many able and deserving authors. In many instances, quite the contrary is the truth; and in no instance that we now call to mind is it more forcibly and palpably so, than in the instance of the works of CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

Fiction has its purpose as well as any other species of composition. And if we consider but a moment the purposes of literature, we will readily perceive that there is much more fiction in the world than we wot of. And, not unfrequently will we find it to be the case, that what we have rashly condemned as fiction, proves to be the truth, and that which we have considered as fact, turns out to be nothing but fiction. If we are to regard all else to be fiction, that which is true, the history of the world will resolve itself down into a narrow compass, and contain but a succession of political intrigues, bloody battles, and many other things that do not have a very exalted tendency, to give us a very exalted opinion of our predecessors. Fiction proper, embraces just so much of the literature of any country, as is not confined to the narration of actual facts and occurrences. Fiction is nothing more than the views of an author upon an imaginary subject, as well as his views upon real subjects. At most, fiction is but matters of opinion. If this be the true test, it must be apparent to the least thinking person in the land, that the proportion of fiction to that which the Past has proved to be true, is vastly the greater.

We have often wondered, what imaginable difference it can make with regard to the author, if he has chosen an imaginary subject, upon which to express his views instead of a real, existing one, so long as his views are equally as sound and equally as strongly, clearly and forcibly expressed. If we are to make a distinction here, we must also make a distinction between his views upon tangible and intangible subjects, which all readers know to be futile. It is the author's view, it is the author's ideas of Truth, that we are after; and in our view of the subject it cannot make the slightest difference whether these views are expressed, and ideas advanced, upon a hypothetical or upon a real, existing state of facts. There was a book written which was wholly worthless; there never was a book written that did not contain some meritorious qualities, but what shadowed forth, and the degree of distinctness and vigor with which it was done was in exact keeping with the intellect which dictated the work,—some idea of that one great central truth, which permeates all created things. Nothing can be more true than that some books contain more redeeming and meritorious qualities, and stronger evidences of Truth than others. Books differ in these respects just as men differ, because they are dictated and written by men, and are made up of different men's opinions and views. Furthermore, no man of sense can read Truth without receiving some benefit from it: no man can read an ordinary discourse, without profit, if in but a small degree; and no man can read an excellent book or listen to an excellent discourse, without being greatly benefited thereby. The amount of benefit he receives from either, is in exact proportion to the merits of the performance. Now, if there never was a book written that did not contain some truth, and if a man can not read truth without being benefited thereby, whence arises that enormous evil of "novel-reading" of which we hear so much said, and see so much printed in our newspapers? A man can be mentally improved at the same time he is becoming worse. Truth will never injure any man; and the man who fears to have the truth told plainly, told in any form imaginable, is no better than a bigot. We, for one, do not believe that the mental condition of our countrymen is so weak and easily misled as some would lead us to believe. There is more intelligence in the world to-day than at any former period. Every man of the present generation is a condensed Methuselah in years, and a Solomon in wisdom. Now, that is certain to literature, all is fiction that is not a statement of positive facts and actual occurrences, and that a man's mind can not be benefited at the same time it is becoming contaminated with evil, and that it matters not whether the author's views are expressed upon an imaginary or a subsisting state of facts, then it follows, as a natural consequence, that the good and pious men who write, and in pulpits read their sermons, write fiction as well as the professed novelist, whom they condemn with such a holy honor. We ask, and without intending any reproach upon the clergy, is it any more for a poor author to write fiction as a means of livelihood, than for the minister of the gospel, the man who stands in the pulpit and utters what he calls the word of God, when the major part of which is made up of his own views, notions and opinions. It is a profession to write novels as well as to preach; and if one is a divine calling, why is not the other, because all men have not the gift either of writing novels, or of preaching. Each claims to write under the influence of inspiration, and as if that we recommend the promiscuous reading of novels, and we will give our views on this subject in a few words. What we claim is, that you cannot read any book without being benefited thereby, in some way; but the books that we recommend as most worthy of being read, are those books which contain the

greatest amount of Truth, and are of the highest order of literary excellence, and from which the reader will derive the most benefit. If to read a book that contains but a very few good ideas does not work an injury to the reader, yet that is not a very strong reason why it should be read, so long as there are myriads of far more excellent books, from which the reader will, in the same time, derive a vast deal more benefit. We argue, that all do some good, but as life is but a span at most, and books so plenty, it were much better to read the best books only.

Fiction is very frequently resorted to as the very best means of inculcating truth, of advancing ideas of the great and the good. Witness that large class of religious novels, as they are called, which constitute the connecting link between the less important fiction and the more stable history. If by imparting truth under the guise of fiction you can more readily reach the masses, you are certainly conferring a lasting benefit upon them, because one of the most praiseworthy things a man may do is to improve truth upon the minds of others. And we never can believe that any man ever sat down to write a novel, for the purpose of subverting the truth; whereas we have instances of men writing works upon religious subjects, for that very purpose. Because one man, or even a few men, have carried or acted unwisely, it is anything but christian-like, or just and manly to condemn the many.

The influence exerted by Fiction is much greater than many be readily imagined. It is but a few years since a single novel fairly convulsed our whole country, and changed the entire course of its politics. Who has not read that pleasant, instructive, little book, "Robinson Crusoe?" and who that has read it, can say that they received no benefit from it. He must be the man who had no "music in his soul," spoken of by SHAKESPEARE. And we know of no works of fiction which have excited a greater influence, and produced more advantageous results to mankind generally, and particularly in reference to those engaged in the sea service of Great Britain, than the works of MARRYATT. MARRYATT entered the naval service of Great Britain in the year 1816, in his fourteenth year, and remained there during the greater part of his life. During which time he was engaged in the Burmese campaign, and several other wars in which his country was engaged. He thereby acquired a familiar knowledge of sea life, and the manners, customs and modes of living of the various races on the earth, and stored his gifted mind with those rich treasures which he, in after years, gave to the public, in a series of the most delicious and entertaining sea stories ever published. In addition to the story contained in each volume, he literally stowed it full of shrewd observations upon the different countries that he visited, and the different people that he had met; and held up to the ridicule and to the amazement of the British nation, many of the glaring absurdities, and the cruelties and hardships that had to be undergone in the British sea service. The success with which his novels met was most triumphant. Not only were they read and admired by the readers generally, but they worked their way into the British Parliament, and aroused the members to the hardships and wrongs heaped upon their marines. The effect was, that such changes and modifications were made as he recommended in his novels. While the English navy remains, the name of CAPTAIN (FREDERICK) MARRYATT, will ever be hailed by the marines, as one of their greatest benefactors. And here it may be as well to remark that he was the inventor of the Code of Signals which is now in use by the seamen of all countries.

There is a peculiar charm and felicity about the novels of MARRYATT that is always agreeable and enticing to us,—his unaffected simplicity. He tells his story in such a easy, off-hand way, and yet his pictures are drawn, and incidents related, in such a graphic style, and so full of life and animation, that our attention is enchained, as it were, to the page, and we delighted read, and as we read, grow more delighted. His pages glow with freshness and vivacity, rather than with brilliancy. There is none of the false glare and glitter about his works. His style is not the most polished and graceful, but it is terse, vigorous, and conspicuous. His descriptive powers are of a very high order, and enable him to draw his picture in such a manner, and present it under such circumstances as will exhibit it in all its parts, to the best advantage, and so that the reader may readily comprehend it in all its bearings. His pictures stand out upon the canvass with a life-like distinctness seldom to be met with in works of fiction. He seems to have written carelessly, and without the slightest regard to rhetorical finish, and with that ease and freedom which distinguishes the able conversationalist, and yet, every word seems to bear upon the point at issue with the greatest effect, while the narrative flows along as smoothly and pleasantly as the placid stream that courses through the blooming mead. He invests his characters with a degree of interest that never fails to win the approbation of the intelligent reader; and this interest arises not more from the sparkling wit, the racy humor, the ludicrous caricatures, the polished and graphic descriptive passages, the ingenious and carefully-drawn plot, and the excellence of the story, than from the pervading influence of Truth, and a warm sympathy for the rights of man, that are shadowed forth on every page of his works. It matters not whether he tells a lively anecdote or a serious meditation, the observant reader can always discover a deep-seated principle beneath. He was a writer of enlarged views, and always took a comprehensive view of his subject; and always wrote to further some noble and praiseworthy end. Some of his liveliest and ablest stories, such as "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "The Naval Officer," are written, among other things, for the purpose of correcting many of the abuses to which English seamen were subject in the navy. While the story is animating, and often captivating in the beauty of its imagery, the sprightliness of the narrative, and the raciness and pungency of the anecdotes, of which he relates many, he so skillfully blends the purpose for which his book is written, with the minutest of the details, as to render the book only the more interesting, while it grows the more useful and valuable. He never grows dull or insipid. He is always mirthful, witty, ingenious, entertaining and agreeable; and if his novels are not the best on the language, they certainly are of that pleasing and agreeable character, that render them to

the lever of good fiction, and elevates them far above mediocrity. It is always peculiarly refreshing to us to get hold of one of the hale and hearty novels of CAPTAIN MARRYATT; we are always sure to be pleased, well entertained, and considerably instructed. He more than any other of the later English novelists, reminds us of the hearty, old novelists of a much earlier period in the history of English Literature. To us there is much to admire in the works of the old English novelists; and MARRYATT, following them so closely shares in our admiration.

Though not the most learned or skillful of the British novelists, MARRYATT is a writer entitled to a much more extensive popularity than, I fear, he enjoys. And one reason why he has not been more popular in this country is the fact, that heretofore his works have been published in such miserable manner, as to be almost unreadable. The style in which a book is "got out," has a vast deal more to do with the popularity of the book than many are aware of; and a good book should always be published and bound in a corresponding degree of excellence. At length MARRYATT has fallen into the hands of the "good Samaritans"—Messrs. Derby & Jackson, of New York, have extended to him the right hand of fellowship and rescued him from an unmerited obscurity. They, being men of taste and good judgment, and desirous to present his works in a becoming style to the American public, undertook and have issued the only decent, respectable and worthy edition of his works that has ever been published in this country, and the works of this great writer are now being widely distributed in such humane treatment, and a place among the classics in English Fiction.—MARRYATT is worthy of being read, and the commendable enterprise of our worthy publishers is deserving of patronage and success. For our part we thank MARRYATT to either Dickens or Thackeray. The works of the former invariably put us to sleep, while the latter disturbs our equanimity, by his snobism. MARRYATT is always congenial, and utters naught but friendly sentiments and wholesome views, and we ever lay down one of his volumes, feeling good-humoredly, and with our mind at ease. It is but an act of simple justice for us to commend this admirable edition of one of our favorite novelists, to our indulgent readers. The works are good, and the manner in which they are here presented to the public, could scarcely be improved upon. Literary excellence, typographical neatness, and faultless mechanical execution, are combined in this valuable set of books. MARRYATT is deserving of a place at the van of the modern British novelists, and next to those names which shed such a lustre over the pages of English Literature,—Addison, Goldsmith, Fielding, and Smollett.

His theme is the boundless main, and life upon the briny deep. Being, from experience, acquainted with the sea and sea-life, he was qualified to write, and has written, some of the most interesting sea stories that the literature of any country affords. There is no theme so pregnant with ennobling instruction, or which, when properly handled stirs up the mind and kindles the imagination to such an extent as the blue Ocean. MARRYATT knew well his subject, and handled it with consummate ability, and with most powerful effect. His sea stories will long remain as so many monuments to his genius. His land stories are equally as good as his sea stories; and we recollect with pleasure the time when we first heard his "Japhet in Search of a Father," read. His works all contain many sound views upon human nature. Although his language is not always as pure and classical as it might have been, yet his ideas are good; and possibly the some what rough garb in which they are clothed tends to endear them to us.

MARRYATT was a voluminous writer—his novels make twelve fat sized 12 mo. volumes, as they appear in this edition. Our space will only permit us to give their titles without many comments. Each story fills a volume number in the order as we shall give the titles of the stories.—"Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "The King's Own," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Stanley yew," "Newton Foster," "A Naval Officer," "Pacha of Many Tales," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Phantom Ship," "The Pöcherer," and "Percival Keene." These stories vary in point of merit, but they are all above mediocrity, while some of them are really excellent, of their kind. Since the days of Smollett, we have no such novels as "Peter Simple," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Jacob Faithful," and one or two others of the above series. MARRYATT was unquestionably one of the ablest of the English novelists, and his works are an honor to every library in which they are placed. It is with pleasure that we submit these handsome volumes, freighted with much rare thought to our readers, at the same time suggesting, that they are sold in cloth binding at \$12 a set, in sheep at \$15; half cloth \$24; or in separate volumes, at the same rates, by the publisher.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1858.

Kansas.—Mr. Morrill's agricultural bill, Maryland Agricultural College.—National Musical Convention.—The last levee of the season.—Independent Committee for Mayor, May Ball.—Mt. Vernon.—Aurora Borealis, Weather, &c.

The report of the committee of Conference was made on Friday. The bill recommended by the majority of the committee admits Kansas under the Leocompton constitution, provided the people of the new State, at an election to be held under the prescribed regulations, shall accept, in lieu of the objectionable ordinance, the schedule of terms offered by Congress to Minnesota. In case this schedule be rejected, Kansas is not to be admitted into the Union until it may have the requisite population according to the census, when it may become a State, after having formed a republican constitution. The House by a majority of three resolved to postpone their action on the report until the second Monday in May. In the Senate, the report has been made the special order for to-day. The compromise suggested in the report meets with general favor among the moderate men in Congress. Seward opposes it because it subjects to a second election, a question which has been already decided. This is a maneuver of the able Republican leader to keep alive the excitement, so vitally important to his party. The bill introduced by Mr. Morrill of Vt., granting land to the several States for agricultural purposes, has passed the House.

The Maryland Agricultural College, located on the farm of Col. Calvert some distance from this city, has been commenced. It will probably be in operation a year hence. This is truly a fitting site for an institution, that is to give an impetus to agriculture in this vicinity—for it was from this spot that, years ago, the first telegraphic message flashed to Washington.

A National Musical Convention meets this morning at the Smithsonian Institute. Its sessions will be held daily throughout this week, and will close with a grand concert.

The closing reception at the White House took place last Tuesday evening. The usual gay throng was present, and in spite of a stormy night, the fair proprietors of ermine were so numerous as to produce a decided "jam."

Richard Wallace, Esq., is to be the "independent" candidate for the Mayoralty. It is generally understood that he is to receive the K. N. vote. In his own ward he is exceedingly popular.

The approaching May balls, (Washington is famous for May balls!) are expected with delight by our boys and girls. The Lancers' quadrilles will be formally inaugurated among the dances of the rising generation.

The patriotic efforts of the ladies for the purchase of Mt. Vernon have met with signal success. The first instalment of the purchase-money has already been paid, and in a short time the estate will be in their possession.

On Thursday night about nine o'clock the phenomenon of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light, was seen by such of our citizens as chanced to look northward. The light was unusually bright and well defined.

The weather here during the last week has undergone many changes from bright and quickening sunshine to raw unpleasant rain. Yesterday morning we had a slight fall of snow, which was probably the last touch of retiring winter. Q.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE IREDELL.

Messrs. Editors:—It is notorious that some States occupy a more important position in the confederacy, share a much greater influence of the national councils, and move more than others. This may be owing, in some measure, to the extent of their territory and the amount of their population, especially in an electioneering campaign and when it comes to "counting noses." It is owing still more to the extent and value of their commerce; for that yields a larger contribution to the general revenue, and nations like individuals, are swayed very much by dimes and dollars; but we think it is owing mainly to the number of their distinguished men and to the general intelligence and virtue of the people. Demagogues can have little influence over an enlightened, upright and sober thinking community, who know what they believe and who firmly give their support to such measures as they believe to be wisest and best; and especially in all great emergencies the eyes of the nation are turned to them with deep solicitude.

To be satisfied of this we need only look at the two adjoining states, north and south. In regard to territory and population, South Carolina is inferior to North Carolina, yet she has hitherto been regarded as a more important State, and she might have had a much greater influence than she has if she had not carried her State pride and self-importance to such an extreme. For a large share of her commerce she is dependent on North Carolina; her Common Schools, Academies and Colleges will hardly compare with ours; and the general intelligence of her population is said to be nothing like equal, but her prominence in the nation is owing mainly to her distinguished men and the liberality of her citizens have contributed greatly to her elevation. If you go there, you hear every man, woman and child boasting of their Rutledge, their Marion, and their Laurens, their McDuffie, their Calhoun, their Thornehill, and every other man who has the least pretensions to more than ordinary abilities and patriotism. These names are as familiar with every one as household words, and all feel proud that they belong to the same State. If a book is published in the State, or relating to its history, if at all creditable, as I have been told, it is all bought up at once, and a respectable writer may be always sure of a liberal patronage. When a young man has any rank or condition of life, shows that he has talents and sound principles to make him an ornament to the country, all readily contribute to his advancement and then feel that they share in his honor.

On the other side, Virginia has had, perhaps still has, more influence in the councils of the nation than any other State, and her citizens have received, it is said, more appointments under the general government. It is not owing to the extent of her territory; for that alone can have very little influence. Her population and her commerce, though much above those of North Carolina, are greatly inferior to those of some other States; but Virginia has been the mother of many of the most distinguished men; of the pride of which her citizens have ever felt on this account, and in the liberality which they have ever shown in elevating those who could be elevated, has contributed greatly to make them distinguished. Go where you will, you hear every class boasting of their Washingtons, their Madisons, their Jeffersons, and their Monroes, their Henrys, their Randolphs, their Rices, their Alexanders and many others, of whom nobody else would ever boast. True, her great men may be like the negro's guber peas, all under ground; but she has had them and their influence seems to be still felt with apparently undiminished force. Her soil may have been exhausted by improvident cultivation, at least in "Old Virginia," and nearly every man may be obliged to sell off yearly some two or three of his negroes, that he may be able to hold his land and subsidize his family; they may have more lawyers than clients, more Doctors than patients, more Colonels, Majors and Generals than men to be commanded, and more Statesmen than voters; her young men, as they grow up, may spend all their fathers' income in smoking cigars, drinking, blustering about politics, &c.; and all these countless idlers, dandies and dilettantes may be preying upon the vitals of their country like buzzards upon a dead carcass—yet the influence of the State in the confederacy may remain, because Virginia has been the birthplace of great men, and they may continue to keep it up by boasting. We only make the supposition, and we make it on "hearsay," for our object is to stimulate our countrymen to action, where we find matter enough for animal voracity, and not to disparage our neighbors.

We have had great men in North Carolina, as great as in most other States; but we have long permitted them to slumber in oblivion. The people, en masse, have never waked up fully to the great and obvious fact that the great men of a country are its greatest honor, and that every citizen shares in that honor. We have suffered our men of talents to go—in fact, we have, in a sense, compelled them, for want of encouragement, to leave for other States, where they have become greatly distinguished as Governors, Lawyers, Judges, Physicians and Preachers; and when people at a distance have acknowledged their merits and rewarded their services, we have been ready enough to boast of them. A native of North Carolina, not over a generation ago, hardly so much, born in low circumstances and without an acknowledged paternity, was bound to a trade and then thrown upon his own resources. As soon as he had earned money enough in his native town to carry him to another, he went to Fayetteville, to Wilmington, to Norfolk, to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, to New York, to Boston, stopping just long enough in each place, to work his way, and from Boston, he fixed himself in the heart of New England, the land of schools and academies and colleges and great men, and steady habits, where, without any advantages of education, but by his native powers of intellect and energy of character, he soon became one of their most prominent men and Governor of the State. How many have pride enough and liberality enough to buy a book written by a native of the State? Why, there are whole towns, neighborhoods and counties in which you could not find a single copy of a North Carolina book, while their parsons are strewn with northern trash, novels, novelettes and tales of romance, in every shape and form, in books, pamphlets, magazines and weekly papers. A few months ago, an intelligent farmer and a good old server of men and things, remarked to me that a native of the State had no encouragement to become an author, for, he said, there were too many, who, from envy or penuriousness, would rather pull him down than contribute a particle to his elevation; but we are glad to find that a change is gradually taking place for the better; and we hope that, as facilities of trade are multiplied and as intelligence pervades the community, all classes will understand their interest; and that the Old North State will soon take a much higher position among the other States.

These reflections were suggested to me by the perusal of a late North Carolina work entitled, THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE JUDGE IREDELL. By G. B. McLee, of Wilmington, N. C., in 2 vols. 8vo. The work is got up in handsome style and is alike creditable both to the author and to the State. It is a valuable addition to our North Carolina literature; and, as it is not yet known, except to a very few reading men, in this part of the country, I take pleasure in introducing it to the notice of your readers. It will be found interesting, at least, to the educated portion of society and especially to lawyers and politicians.

We have not time for a regular review, nor for any thing more than a few passing remarks. Mr. McLee has given us very little of his own; but what he has said is well said. His opinions, so far as I could judge from a hasty perusal, are generally correct; and his having been, for several years, a lawyer at the bar, was, in this case, an important qualification for writing the book. It consists partly of Essays or Tracts written by Judge Ireddell himself on the various subjects which then engaged his attention; and partly of a correspondence carried on, during the revolutionary war and for some years after, between him and his friends, male and female, here and in Europe. Most of these letters are interesting, and many of them may be regarded as models of epistolary writing. The author has acted wisely, we think, in letting the intelligent men and women of that day speak for themselves, for they give us a better idea of the state of things then existing in the country than could have been given in a regular narrative.

The interest which I have long felt in the honor and welfare of my native State led me, years ago, to pay some attention to our revolutionary history and to the character of the men who then figured on the stage of action; but this book has raised my estimate of their intelligence and their patriotism. I knew that Judge Ireddell was a prominent man and had rendered important services; but I was not aware that he was a man of such superior abilities. His communications in the papers about the beginning of the war are all good; but the one containing an enumeration of the causes which separated her American colonies from the mother country is the best thing of the kind I have seen. His piece on the powers of the Assembly and his exposition and defence of the Federal Constitution, when its fate was pending before the people, are very able; but it was in the Supreme Court of the United States, where he was one of the Associate Judges, that he appears to best advantage. There he had no superior; and his charges to the Grand Juries, in different States, are masterly productions. They have more of a political character than would be agreeable at the present day; for now we feel contempt for a Judge who will use his official influence for any political purpose; but at that time, when the government was not fairly established, nor its principles well understood by the people, it was in harmony with public sentiment, and was, in fact, necessary.

We hope that the book will have a pretty general circulation and that Mr. McLee will receive the patronage he so well deserves. SYLVANUS.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no leniency shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon the anvil, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they burn; add a half a dozen, and you will have a great conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions; if one member of a family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly get ashamed and repent; but oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw others to the conflagration, and let one harsh word be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid splendors.

Forbear with one another; pray oft together, you never all together clash and angry be; If she speak words of fire, let the next with water come: Is one provoked to speak soft the next, or be forever dumb.

BRITISH PACIFIC RAILROAD.—A Pacific railroad through the British territory, terminating in the vicinity of Vancouver's Island, has been agitated for a good while in England. It is now said that a scientific expedition has been charged with the duty of exploring the proposed route.

CURACAO.—Mr. Young, late U. S. Consul at Curacao, has arrived at Washington with important dispatches from San Domingo. The condition of affairs, as reported by Mr. Y., is truly alarming. The American consul, the American flag, and in fact every white inhabitant on the island, are subject to daily insults by negro mobs—incited, no doubt, by their worthless and ferocious negro leader, Baz.

THE BUSY WORLD.

The News from Europe.

The steamship Canada, with Liverpool dates to the afternoon of the 10th ult. has arrived. The English news is unimportant. The Grand Jury of London have indicted Bernard Alsop, Orsini, and others, for the attempt to kill Louis Napoleon.

Some English filibusters had established themselves on one of the Spice Islands, fortified a village, and levied contributions on the inhabitants. Subsequently they abandoned their position on the approach of the Dutch troops.

From China we learn that the Chinese braves were assembling about Canton in large numbers, with an express determination to re-take the city. The ship-of-war Indefatigable, with Commissioner Yeh on board, had reached Singapore. Dispatches are said to have reached Peking reinforcing reinforcements, as the Chinese show no disposition for peace.

Bombay dates of March 18th had been received in England. Lucknow was nearly in the entire possession of the English. General Outram having turned the enemy's line works, the Martiniere was stormed by Sir Edward Lugard on the 9th, and on the 11th two regiments stormed the Begun's palace. The British loss was less than one hundred killed and wounded, and the enemy's loss about five hundred. On the opposite side of the river General Outram cut up five hundred more among the buildings in advance of the palace, which he occupied on the 14th. Twenty-four guns were taken. General Outram crossed the bridge and opened a fire on the flying enemy. The cavalry and artillery were still in pursuit of the fugitives.

TERRIBLE CRUELTY.—The Yorkville, S. C. Enquirer says that in Cleveland county, N. G., last week Geo. Seates and Mary Seates were arrested for the murder of an infant 18 months old. The murder was committed with a hammer. Before they killed the child they placed it, naked on the hearth near the fire, and up it a stick of wood heavy enough to prevent its escape. In this condition, suffering excruciating torment, it was found by the mother, on her return.—Although burned it survived, two or three weeks until murdered by its unnatural parent and his mother.

"SOUTHERN MATRON"—Belle Brittain in a letter to the New Orleans Picayune dated at Richmond, refers to Miss Cunningham, "the Southern Matron," and the lady who conceived the idea of purchasing Mount Vernon. "She is," remarks the correspondent, "a native of Charleston and an invalid from infancy. Never having been married, the title of 'Matron' is, of course, a misnomer; unless by a figure of speech, we may call her the 'Virgin Mother' of the great cause to which she is dedicating her feeble, yet most effective existence."

I found Miss Cunningham confined to her bed, and marvelled to see such strength coming out of weakness. It is the power of thought, or will, or rather of love, that creates and controls the world. There, pale and physically feeble, this chief apostle of Mount Vernon has a patriotic fire in her eye that never fails to kindle a most enthusiastic enthusiasm.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—Equatorial Africa has been laid open, and the erroneous ideas which once prevailed upon the subject altogether dispelled. Instead of the massive Mountains of the Moon, there are a few isolated mountains; where a dry desolate plateau was expected, there have been found wide and fertile plains, less than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and intersected by innumerable water courses with scarcely any inclination. "I am persuaded," says Dr. Barth, "that in less than fifty years European boats will keep up a regular annual intercourse between the great basin of the Tzad and the Bay of Biafra. The whole country between the rivers Benue and Shari is extremely rich and fertile, intersected by countless water courses in every direction. Cotton, indigo, vegetable butter, groundnut, ivory, wax, and many other articles might be procured in abundance from these regions, the only question being what should be imported in exchange for them?"

A HORRIBLE ATTACK.—The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, says that a dreadful crime was committed on Maj. Belvin's plantation in Houston Co., last Tuesday, afternoon upon the person of Mrs. Bryant, the young wife of Major Belvin's overseer. She had retired after dinner to take a nap, and some time thereafter the servants outside the house, hearing moans, entered her room and found her frightfully mutilated about the head and shoulders, by blows from an axe. An old negro woman and young negro girl about the house were arrested and confessed to making the assault while the unfortunate lady was asleep. She was alive up to Saturday night, but so much injured as to render it doubtful even if life is spared, whether she will ever regain the full use of her faculties.

DEAD LETTERS which have been opened and examined at the office in Washington, and which are found to contain nothing valuable, are not now burned as formerly, but sent to a paper mill to be manufactured into writing paper.

VIRGINIA SLAVE LAW.—The Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia decided in a case before it, at its last January term, that the provisions of a will giving to slaves the option, at the death of a life tenant, being emancipated or sold, are void; the slaves having no legal capacity to make such election—that slaves have no civil or social rights; no legal capacity to make, discharge or assent to contracts.

BRITISH PACIFIC RAILROAD.—A Pacific railroad through the British territory, terminating in the vicinity of Vancouver's Island, has been agitated for a good while in England. It is now said that a scientific expedition has been charged with the duty of exploring the proposed route.

CURACAO.—Mr. Young, late U. S. Consul at Curacao, has arrived at Washington with important dispatches from San Domingo. The condition of affairs, as reported by Mr. Y., is truly alarming. The American consul, the American flag, and in fact every white inhabitant on the island, are subject to daily insults by negro mobs—incited, no doubt, by their worthless and ferocious negro leader, Baz.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, April 25. Reported expressly for the Times. By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market. Bacon 12 1/2 @ 13; Beef 4 1/2 @ 5; Butter 16 @ 17; Coffee 14 1/2 @ 15; Candles 22 @ 23; Lard 10 @ 11; Sugar 6 1/2 @ 7; Tea 20 @ 21; Eggs 25 @ 26; Hides 40 @ 41; Flour 4 00 @ 4 10; Flaxseed 1 00; Hides green 10; Hay 60 @ 65; Lard 12 1/2 @ 13; Nails 40 @ 45; Onions 40 @ 45; Pork 8 00 @ 8 50; Rags 2 1/2 @ 3; Rice 8 00 @ 9; Salt 2 00 @ 2 10; Sugar, Brown 10 @ 12; lard 1st, crushed 18 1/2, clarified 16 1/2; Lard 12 1/2 @ 13; Wheat 80 @ 1 00; Wool 25 @ 30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, April 25. Reported expressly for the Times. By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries. Sugar, Crushed, 12 1/2 @ 13; Coffee, 14 1/2 @ 15; Candles, 22 @ 23; Lard, 10 @ 11; Sugar, 6 1/2 @ 7; Tea, 20 @ 21; Eggs, 25 @ 26; Hides, 40 @ 41; Flour, 4 00 @ 4 10; Flaxseed, 1 00; Hides green, 10; Hay, 60 @ 65; Lard, 12 1/2 @ 13; Nails, 40 @ 45; Onions, 40 @ 45; Pork, 8 00 @ 8 50; Rags, 2 1/2 @ 3; Rice, 8 00 @ 9; Salt, 2 00 @ 2 10; Sugar, Brown, 10 @ 12; lard, 1st, crushed, 18 1/2, clarified, 16 1/2; Lard, 12 1/2 @ 13; Wheat, 80 @ 1 00; Wool, 25 @ 30.

NORFOLK MARKET, April 25. Reported expressly for the Times. By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants. Flour, Family, 6 25 @ 6 50; Extra, 6 00 @ 6 25; Superfine, 5 75 @ 6 00; Corn, Mixed, 5 25 @ 5 50; Yellow, 5 15 @ 5 40; Wheat, White, No. 1, 1 10 @ 1 15; No. 2, 1 05 @ 1 10; No. 3, 1 00 @ 1 05; No. 4, 95 @ 1 00; No. 5, 90 @ 95; No. 6, 85 @ 90; No. 7, 80 @ 85; No. 8, 75 @ 80; No. 9, 70 @ 75; No. 10, 65 @ 70; No. 11, 60 @ 65; No. 12, 55 @ 60; No. 13, 50 @ 55; No. 14, 45 @ 50; No. 15, 40 @ 45; No. 16, 35 @ 40; No. 17, 30 @ 35; No. 18, 25 @ 30; No. 19, 20 @ 25; No. 20, 15 @ 20; No. 21, 10 @ 15; No. 22, 5 @ 10; No. 23, 0 @ 5; No. 24, 0 @ 0; No. 25, 0 @ 0; No. 26, 0 @ 0; No. 27, 0 @ 0; No. 28, 0 @ 0; No. 29, 0 @ 0; No. 30, 0 @ 0; No. 31, 0 @ 0; No. 32, 0 @ 0



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1888.

C. C. COLE, EDITOR.

J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITOR.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.

WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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SUPERIOR COURT was in session last

week, his Honor Judge Saunders presiding.

The docket was very heavy and not

half the business was transacted. It is

thought we will have an extra term this

Summer.

The only case which elicited public at-

tention was the trial of H. H. Brady, of

this place, for the murder of John Knowles

on the 17th of March last. The trial was

on Friday, and the jury, without leaving

the box, declared him guilty, and signed a

petition to the Governor for his reprieve.

The petition, after receiving the sanction

of the Judge and Bar, and a large number

of signatures, was despatched, immedi-

ately, to the Governor; and by 8 o'clock

Saturday evening the prisoner was released

—the Governor having pardoned him for

the offense and freed him from the cost of

the suit.

YADKIN INSTITUTE.—The Commence-

ment exercises at this institution took

place on the 1st and 2nd of June next.

Rev. John F. Speight preaches the annual

Sermon before the students, and Gen. J. M.

Leach of Lexington delivers the Address

before the Literary Societies.

LENOIR INSTITUTE.—We are glad to

learn of the great prosperity of this school,

having this session about eighty students.

Its next annual examination will be held

the first week in June; the Rev. T. G.

Low will preach the annual Sermon, and

Rev. C. P. Jones will deliver the literary

Address.

MOVEMENTS OF THE EARTH.—The

sudden changes of the weather has drawn

forth many curious speculations as to the

causes. Last week it was too warm for

April, and this week we have had frost

and snow. A change of the currents of

the ocean, and the approach of the Gulf

stream, by fifty miles or more towards our

coast, have been announced as remarkable

facts, which may have some relation to the

subject. We will now add another still

more curious fact for the consideration of

our readers: "The British Astronomer

Royal, in his last annual report, refers to

certain mysterious changes of level and

direction of one of the instruments, one

occurring with changes of temperature,

the other at the equinoxes, and he imagines

some movements of the earth itself to be

the cause of these remarkable phenomena."

Those who are acquainted with the

perfection of the instruments used in great

Observatories, the permanency of the di-

rection of the transit and equatorial instru-

ments, depending on their accuracy, will

understand that these mysterious changes

alluded to, are in the highest degree im-

Agricultural Colleges.

We made some introductory remarks upon the subject of State Agricultural Colleges, week before last. The more we study upon the subject, the more important it appears—the more essential to the proper development of the wealth of a state and the happiness of her citizens. Agriculture is the proper basis of all wealth and prosperity; for without the sustenance of the soil, professional agencies die out. And yet there is not a science, an art, a profession, or a calling of any kind entered upon with such absolute ignorance and total inexperience. Old mother earth is relied upon in the magnanimity of her full heart to send forth abundantly and gratuitously.

Farming is both a science and an art, and to properly understand the laws or principles as is essential to success in the practice of the desecrating room to the surgeon. True a man calling himself a farmer may plant his seed in the soil at random, and the general blending of sunshine and shower may produce a crop. And so may a man calling himself a surgeon cut off an arm at random, and the internal strength of nature to restore itself may heal the wound.

Example is said to be better than precept, and without giving mere assertions, we prefer to speak in a manner more likely to move. The bill now before Congress for the donation of certain public lands to be devoted to the establishing of Agricultural Colleges in each State, may have a political bearing we know not; politicians are seizing upon every thing that will go; but if they have appropriated this, we know not which party, and we care not; but we hope them success for we believe it a good cause. And to give the experience of others, we have a slip by us from a Michigan paper, which we commend to the reader. Not only the farmers should be interested in this movement, but every citizen that eats of the farmer's toil.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES. It seems that the example of Michigan in founding the first Agricultural College on our side of the Atlantic, is deemed worthy of emulation. We give below sundry extracts showing that several other States are earnestly engaged in establishing institutions of the kind. They seem to be regarded as a necessity of the age, destined to supply a great desideratum in the otherwise admirable educational systems of many of the States.

Our own Institution has succeeded educationally beyond the expectation of its most sanguine friends, in spite of the severest tests, and those inevitable obstacles incident to all new and important enterprises.

The next Term commences on the first Wednesday of April, and we understand that applications are on file already, for four times as many vacancies as will exist, many of them from other States. The public confidence seems firmly established in its triumphal success.

In addition to the States mentioned before, we notice that Maryland has during the past winter actually organized an Agricultural College and established it upon the estate of Mr. Calvert, near Washington. It is the joint work of the State and individuals.

IOWA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. We last week gave a brief synopsis of the establishment of an Agricultural College in Maryland. In another column, will be found a notice of the Bill establishing a similar institution, on a comprehensive plan in Wisconsin. We have now received a Bill reported to the House of Representatives of Iowa, designed to establish a similar institution in that young and vigorous State.

The Bill in question establishes a State Board of Agriculture and a State College, and authorizes the Board to select a site, and to purchase a tract of land, the erection of buildings, the election of Professors, under proper restrictions and limitations. The Bill, in its general features, resembles the Act of Organization of our own College. In this case, as in the case of Wisconsin, the founders and promoters of the College, look with great satisfaction and solicitude to our own pioneer institution in Michigan, and its educational success thus far. No legislation nor act of Michigan, has ever elevated the State so highly in the opinion of her sister States, as the bold suggestion manifested in the establishment of her Agricultural College. The probability, indeed the certainty, seems to be established, that the State will be the harbinger of other Institutions of the kind in nearly every State in the Union.—*Lansing Republican.*

WISCONSIN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. A Committee of the Senate in Wisconsin have reported a Bill for the establishment of an Agricultural College in that State. It adopts the main features of the Act creating the Michigan Agricultural College, a rare compliment to our State.

It is proposed, however, to do what Michigan did not do, endow the Institution permanently at once, with a fund to be created from 20 per cent. of the proceeds of the Swamp Lands. The interest of the fund so created is to be forever appropriated to making Tuition free in the College. Labor and tuition are to be indissolubly united in the Institution, and the student is to be educated physically as well as mentally.

As soon as \$40,000 is subscribed and received by individuals, the same sum is to be supplied from the Treasury for the immediate purchase of a farm, erection of buildings, &c. We learn that the citizens of two or three localities tender in advance the subscriptions of \$40,000, provided the Institution can be located among them.—*Detroit Tribune.*

KENTUCKY AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES. The Board of Directors of the State Agricultural Society of Kentucky recently adopted the following Preamble and Resolutions:

Whereas, a bill has been introduced into the Congress of the United States, appropriating a portion of the National domain for the endowment of a school in each State for the education of the education of farmers and mechanics—therefore, as the sense of this Board,

Resolved, That the Kentucky Agricul-

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GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Disdain.
His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes, like two great beacons, glared far and wide. Glancing askew, as if his enemies, he seemed in his overbearing pride. And standing stately, like a crane, he strode. At every step upon the tip-toes high; And all the way he went, on every side. He glared about, and stared horribly. As if he, with his looks, all men would terrify.

Look before you leap.

BY E. W. NIXER.

CHAPTER III.

(CONCLUDED.)

NOTHER year has winged its flight, and with its record of good and evil deeds, has joined the years that had gone before.

What is now the situation of Hugh Campbell and his lovely and youthful companion.

Hugh has been discharged by his employer, in consequence of having neglected his business and indulged in too much liquor. Can any one solve the question; how much liquor would have been enough, and not too much?

Hugh has fallen in debt, and Laura is perhaps more so at times, but no less devoted to her husband than before. Hugh promises to reform and be free! The master of himself. He again obtains employment and is able to meet his obligations to his landlord and other creditors. Again the sun shines upon them and Laura strives to be cheerful and happy. A little stranger has been committed to their care, and his appearance seemed to strengthen the attachment that existed between them.

Let us pass over a period of five years and again look in upon them.

We find them living in an obscure part of the town of T. New York. The inclination of Hugh to indulge in a social glass has produced its legitimate fruit. He has become a confirmed tippler.

Where are now the dreams of happiness in which Laura indulged when she displayed the warning "look before you leap." Where imagination has ever, during the buoyant season of youth, pictured such a scene as the writer of this narrative beheld in the summer of 1855—when he looked in upon the family of Hugh Campbell. If youth could penetrate the future, and behold the stern realities of life, they would hardly press forward with so much ardor to the contest before them.

It was hard to realize that the pale emaciated woman, who held her arms a few feet and sickly child a few months old, was once the blooming and happy maiden that we first met in the City of Elms.

The house was almost destitute of furniture, and certainly destitute of comfort. The husband, bloated and hateful to the sight, showing a far greater change in his appearance than had taken place in his companion, was lying upon a couch. He was ragged, filthy, and worse than all drunk.

What suffering has not that woman, who still clung to the one on whom she had bestowed her first love, endured since we last saw them in their native city. During the interval she had been called to mourn the loss of her parents, and one of her children.

She had toiled on in sorrow and amid the evils of penury. For days and even weeks the labor of her hands alone had provided bread for herself and family—Hugh had degraded himself, and in his fall had carried down his family with him. We cannot withhold our sympathy from that patient woman, who had linked her destiny to his, and who, by his guilty conduct excluded, as well from the circle of society in which she might have enjoyed social happiness, as from pleasure at her own fireside.

Did she then remember the warning that was whispered in her ear, when she was about transgressing the commands of her parents, and the command of One higher than they?

Her cup of sorrow was not yet full—She was destined to suffer more keenly than ever; yet a day of sunshine was to intervene between the present scene of suffering and the final day of clouds and darkness.

Hugh Campbell, although fallen very low, was not yet totally lost to duty and honor. In his moments of comparative sobriety, he felt the sting of a guilty conscience. He realized the baseness of his conduct in ill-treating one, who had abandoned all the comforts and pleasures of a pleasant home in opposition to the wishes of her parents, for his sake.

He determined to reform, and to carry out his resolution joined the Sons of Temperance, that band of brothers who are actuated by the best of motives, but who, from some cause not hitherto fully explained, fail to exert the influence in staying the progress of intemperance, which the founders of the Order so confidently anticipated. For a time he adhered faithfully to his promise, but in an evil hour, temptation overcame him, and he again fell into the terrible whirlpool that is continually drawing its victims nearer and nearer to the vortex from which there is no escape.

Soon after his return to his old habits, he was arrested, charged with having committed a grave offence against the laws of the state, and against the moral sense of the community.

Could Laura endure this new trial? She had patiently endured all the evils and the suffering of object poverty, the scorn of the world, and more terrible to her than all else, her husband's ill and even brutal treatment. Could she still suffer on, and cling to him, and love him as before?

True to her woman's nature, she never desisted him. She visited him in his cell, and endeavored in every possible way to minister to his comfort, as though he had ever been true and faithful to her. The day of trial came and Laura was by the side of her husband in the prisoner's box, surrounded by the crowd of curious spectators, for she would not believe him guilty. The final result of the trial was a verdict of "not guilty" pronounced by the foremen in a decisive tone, and the faithful

ful wife threw her arms around the neck of her unworthy husband, and wept for joy upon his bosom.

Would Hugh regain his old comrades in sin, and return to his former evil habits? After such an exhibition of love and devotion to him on the part of his wife, would he not reform for her sake? He was still in the vigor of early manhood, he might yet occupy a useful and honorable position in society. Alas! the demon had too much influence over him and he returned to his former habits.

Laura was yet to suffer new griefs—Her two remaining children passed during the same week in the month of July 1855—into that brighter and better world above.

This blow was too much. While her children lived she had toiled and suffered, and through the darkest clouds she had at intervals caught the gleam of the cheering rays of hope. She had hoped that her children would grow up and become companions to aid and comfort her in the struggle of life. From that time she wasted rapidly away.

The physical constitution may for a time withstand the attacks of disease, and the effects of want, but when the heart is greiving over the loss of its cherished idols, and there is added to bereavement and penury, ill-treatment and ingratitude from the one, who of all others is bound to be loving and true, it is at all strange that the dwelling place of the soul, "so fearfully and wonderfully made" becomes prematurely worn out.

When we reflect upon the conduct of Hugh towards his wife, whom he was bound by every principle of honor and manliness, to cherish and guard as the apple of his eye, we wonder that a youth as amiable and high-minded, as he seemed upon our first acquaintance with him, could become so debased as a man, and so cruel and ungrateful as a husband. He who can forget his solemn promise to love, cherish and protect the wife of his youth, will disregard every principle of honor and every obligation of duty towards others, and his guilt is only equalled by that of the child who is wilfully disobedient and ungrateful to his parents.

But let us not forget as we condemn the conduct of Hugh, that the wisest man among the myriads who have preceded us upon the stage of life has left on record for our instruction the warning declaration, that "wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging," and although "he who is deceived thereby is not wise," every one who falls into the habit of looking upon the wine "when it is red" is liable to be "deceived thereby."

The village of T. is situated upon the bank of the Hudson, and commands a view of natural scenery, which can hardly be surpassed elsewhere. No description of its beauty can convey to the mind of one unaccustomed to mountain scenery, an adequate idea of its attractiveness. A little north of the village there is a knoll upon which there are marble columns scattered here and there, that reflect the rays of the sun in the morning and evening, and attract the attention of the voyager upon the river when many miles distant, and serve to remind him as he approaches them that he belongs to a race that is continually "passing away." The knoll slopes gradually down to the bluff at the foot of which the deep and eddying waters roll along.

The bereaved and heart broken Laura was frequently seen wending her way to this knoll, near the foot of which, and but a short distance from the bluff three little mounds, the one covered with green turf, and the other two newly made, told the innocence of childhood had given place to the errors and vanities of youth, to enter the spirit world. Here the bereaved mother would often remain until the shades of night had obscured all surrounding objects, and then with a slow and feeble step and an aching heart, she would return to her gloomy and comfortable home.

One morning, her husband, awaking from a drunken stupor, missed his patient and suffering wife, and on looking about became satisfied that she had been absent during the night. On enquiring of some of their neighbors, he ascertained that she was last seen at the hour of twilight on the previous evening taking her accustomed walk towards the burying ground.

A search was instituted, and on the following day her body was found floating in the Hudson.

Whether she wandered, blinded by the tears that sorrow and suffering caused her to shed, along the bluff and accidentally fell from it, or whether, in a temporary fit of derangement, she threw herself into the river, can never be known; but her melancholy fate after years of suffering reiterates the warning, "look before you leap."

STILLNESS OF THE UNDER SEA.—It is said that he who dives into the sea to search for treasure in the lost ship, finds the wreck as when it wandered down. Years may bring their tempests over it, but it lies still as dust in airless sepulchers; and all around, looking as lifeless as when they perished, linger the forms of men who, through the ocean's deadly lips, descended to its depths.—*Sac. Age.*

So, likewise is it with the heart of man. Could the eye be penetrated into its depths and gain access to those secret cells which memory consecrates unto her own sacred use, it would behold, with all their brightness still clinging around them, as when they sank from the cold gaze of the world into a seeming death, forms, visions, things that once possessed a reality, and that dazzled for a while, the mind with their too bright brightness, tenants of those silent chambers of the feelings.

Years may change the hopeful, too-confiding boy into a soiling, iron-souled man; life's dark storms may sweep around him with their hardening breath 'till his very nature becomes infected with the taint of his heart, finger impressions, that have clambered there, unknown to all but him, forever, with all the semblance of life, yet in all the quietude of death.—*North Californian.*

Doctor Chapman, of Philadelphia, whose wit was equal to his medicine, having been invited by a friend, more eminent for a love of show than for real literary attainments, to examine his newly fitted-up library, was asked how he liked the display.

He looked round the rich unshorn, gay cases and dark narrow papered carpets, and then with his peculiar comical expression and nasal voice replied, "Every thing (red) but the books."

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform what you resolve.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense mass of knowledge is stored in the world, and is to be had by every man, woman and child, and yet the vast majority of the human race are ignorant of its existence, and consequently of its value.

A curious statement on electric fish was recently read before the British Association. It appears that there are no less than eleven kinds known that have the power of giving electric shocks. Every one of them an apparatus has been discovered which consists of Galvanic cells put in action by a powerful system of nerves.

There are several reasons why French coffee is superior to English; much the number are, that of being too much roasted, too finely ground, not using sufficient, and boiling it too long. In France, the best is only roasted to a crimson color, and closely covered during the process. Two ounces and a half are there used to a pint of water.

OF LADIES AND FLOWER GARDENS.—We shall take it for granted that you love flowers; for we hold that she who does not, is no true woman. But perhaps you are ready to declare that, positively, you have no time to devote to their cultivation; that you have not sufficient strength for such labor; or possibly, that all out-of-door employments are ungentle and un-feminine.

Unless you have time to be sick, which you will hardly admit, you have time to take care of your health. To do this properly, you must have daily exercise in the open air. Where can you take this more pleasantly or more profitably than in your flower garden? You are not strong enough, do you say? This is just the way to acquire strength. Begin very moderately, allowing some stronger person to do the heaviest work. An hour or two of light, active, and pleasurable employment, out-of-doors, each fair day, take our word for it, will prove more beneficial than the best tonic mixture that your good and much respected doctor, with all his skill, can procure for you. Try it. You will soon be able to use the light hoe and spade, which we recommend you to procure at once, with ease and pleasure. The quack's Female Pills find few patrons among the wives and daughters who cultivate their own flower gardens. The idea that the employment is unsuited to woman is a preposterous and absurd one. Where is her place if not among the flowers—herself the fairest flower of all? Shall she blush to own that her own fair hands have reared the floral gems with which she adorns her hair? But we rejoice in believing that few of our readers will urge this plea. They will, for the most part, fully agree with us that horticulture should have a prominent place among the female "accomplishments."

In agriculture it was once the practice to take ancient customs as an inflexible guide; nothing was then doubted, nothing investigated, and consequently nothing improved. Now, it is the principle to do nothing without a reason—everything, therefore, is investigated, and consequently, everything is improved.

BE SYSTEMATIC.—Here we have one of the first principles of successful agriculture. Let all your transactions be conducted in a business-like manner. Take note of every operation, whether you buy or sell, receive or disburse, sow or reap, make a promise or a bargain. To do this it will be necessary to keep a diary, and we would say, do so, if for no other object than a ready means of comparison.

STUDY YOUR PROFESSION.—It is not alone the energy that yields the spade and holds the plow that insures success. There is a "higher law," the culture of the mind, and it must go hand in hand with the culture of the soil. The relations of science to the farmer are intimate. Good books are aids in the attainment of knowledge, but never put your faith on the *ipse dixit* of any individual—think, experiment and judge for yourself.

ISK-STORY.—A farmer's "gude-wife" assures me, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, in addition to which I have seen it successfully tried, that fresh takings may be removed by the following method, namely: Covering the part stained with, or submerging it under, a little warm milk—the newer the better—for from five to ten minutes; then rinse and wash with soft water. It is a very cheap and simple process, and efficacious without.

HOW TO TELL GOOD FLOUR.—1. Look at its color: if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is with black, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good.

2. Examine its adhesiveness: wet and knead a little of it between the fingers. If it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky.

3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface: if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad.

4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand: if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy. These modes were given by old flour-dealers.

THE BEST RECIPE FOR MAKING YEAST.—Take as much pulverized salutaris as will lie on a dime, the same quantity of salt, and a teaspoonful of sugar. On these three articles pour a pint of boiling water. When sufficiently cool, so as not to change the nature of the flour stir in as much as will make it into a stiff batter. The vessel containing this batter must be placed in another vessel containing water quite warm, but not quite so hot as to cook the flour in the least; and the whole must be kept standing in a warm place until the batter nearly doubles in bulk, which will take about six hours. This yeast may then be added to flour enough to make two good-sized loaves of bread, mixed with warm water, and a teaspoonful of salt, if liked, placed in the pans, and left standing in a warm place a short time before baking. This recipe has been thoroughly tested, and found to be practical.

Holton's Ointment is undoubtedly a good salve for bites, perhaps the best in use. It draws very pleasantly if you do not put it on too thick. Try it once.

Salad for the Solitary

With a brush-wood, Judgement Under, the one great ingredient of the mind, the other the great ingredient of the body, and both making the best use of them.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—A and B bought a grindstone, and agreed that A should use it till half would be worn off, and that the balance should belong to B. The grindstone being 2 feet in diameter, and the hole in the center 3 inches, what was the diameter of the grindstone when A had worn off his share? Ans next week.

Ans to question of last week.—1 hour 48 minutes.

The Swell-Head Disease.

This dreadful disease sometimes attacks horses, and, probably, other animals, as monkeys and jacks; and some birds, as the parrot and mocking-bird. But men are more subject to it, and with them it is more fatal.

CAUSE.—Vacuity in the cranium. It is often augmented by flattery, especially when the cerebrum is small and ill-shaped. Men of information, however, are sometimes afflicted with it, in which case there is found an inordinate swelling in the upper region of the head, just back of the *operculum*. The protuberance is called swell-head.

SYMPTOMS.—The poor creature usually fancies himself the biggest, smartest, best, and handsomest man in the crowd—"heats the uppermost seats in the synagogues"—is given to impudence, impertinence, and usually bad manners in company—is censorious and fond of finding and exposing the foibles of his associates—has few friends and no lovers, and has generally a bad odor to polite and well-bred people—given to swelling and strutting, as if one moment he fancied himself a toad, and the next a turkey cock. He is egotistic, and passionately fond of high-sounding titles, as "Squire, Captain, Colonel, General, &c." The miserable patient is sometimes so inflated as to attempt to stride the ocean, or jump over very high mountains. These are only a few of the symptoms of this deadly, but, enough to identify it.

TREATMENT.—When it is caused by emptiness of the cranium, it is only necessary to fill up the vacuum, with good ideas, a solid education, or common sense. When induced by diminutiveness, or malformation of the brain, the cure is slow and difficult. We have known some cases which defied every remedy and destroyed the patients. A cure must be attempted by exercising and cultivating those faculties which are dormant, such as the judgment and the understanding and depleting self-esteem, &c. The skulls of these patients are usually very thick and hard, so that it is hard pounding any thing into them; but they are excessively fond of soft soap—give them a pound or two every day, and it will soften the skull so that you can probably get a little gumption into it, or a medium of ratiocination, and they will soon be well. When this will not cure, soft soap will palliate.

In the case of those gentlemen, from ten to twenty years old, who get to putting on the boots and pantaloons of their fathers, and to teaching their teachers, reproving and counseling and sometimes insulting old age, chewing tobacco, smoking cigars, and drinking whiskey—swearing, and cutting the dandy swell-head generally—appetite for late hours, bad company and bar-room, voracious—a little oil of birch, applied by the paternal hand, is the best remedy. Then keep them out of the night air and bad weather. If this does not effect a cure by the divine blessing—the head grows and grows, till the poor sufferer topples over a few times, and knocks out half-esteem. *Louisiana Boy-tist.*

Napoleon is said to have remarked of physicians, whom he found to be materialists, "They do not believe that a man has a soul, because they cannot find it with their dissecting knife."

Among his many other high sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long reign.

FOUND HIS MATCH.—We saw a good thing yesterday. In the Court of Quarter Sessions; a petty case was being tried. A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining witnesses, had an odd looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoe-maker.

"You say, Sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, Sir, 'cause why, she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then—giving a sagacious look to the Court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course, how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

A lady on separating from her husband, changed her religion; being determined, she said to avoid his company in this world and the next too.

I will not envy the prosperity of the wicked, nor be offended at the affliction of the unrighteous; the one is drawn in pomp down to hell, whilst the other swims in tears to heaven.

Every vice and folly has a train of secret and necessary punishment. If we are lazy, we must expect to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die prematurely.

Why should ermine be abolished?—Because it admits all females, without distinction, into the most fashionable circles.

"A Borrowed horse and your own spurs make short miles," is a Danish rendering of a rather universal practice.

Man kind should learn temperance from the moon; the fuller she gets the smaller her horns become.

It is in vain to stick your finger into water, and, after pulling it out, look for the hole.

A valuable tonic.—We believe no medicine has ever given such astonishing proof of its efficacy as the Oxygenated Bitters. In cases of Dyspepsia and General Debility it acts in the most agreeable manner, restoring health and cheerfulness when all other remedies have failed.

Business Cards.

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